

**THE  
GREEN BOOK**

---

**1941**

















Estimados Profesores de la

Universidad

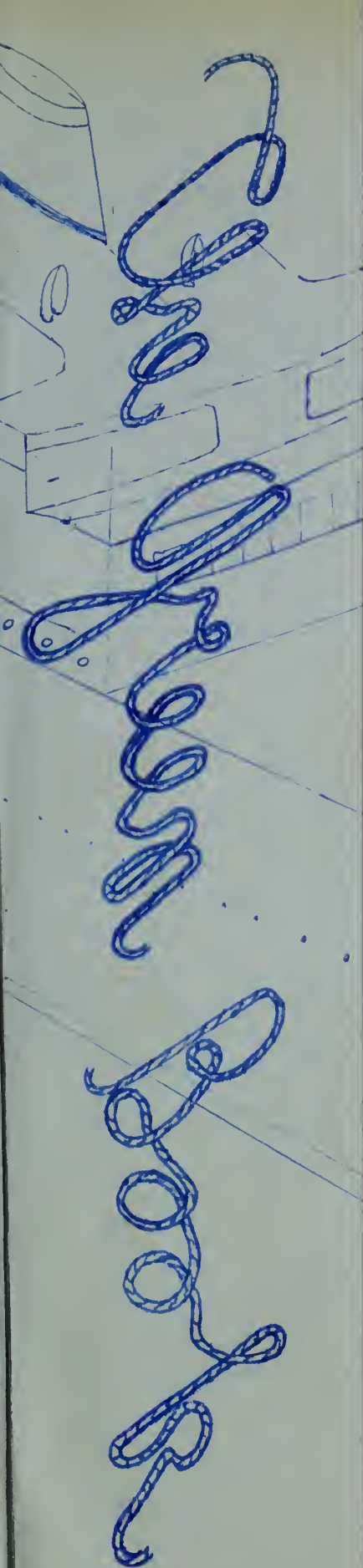
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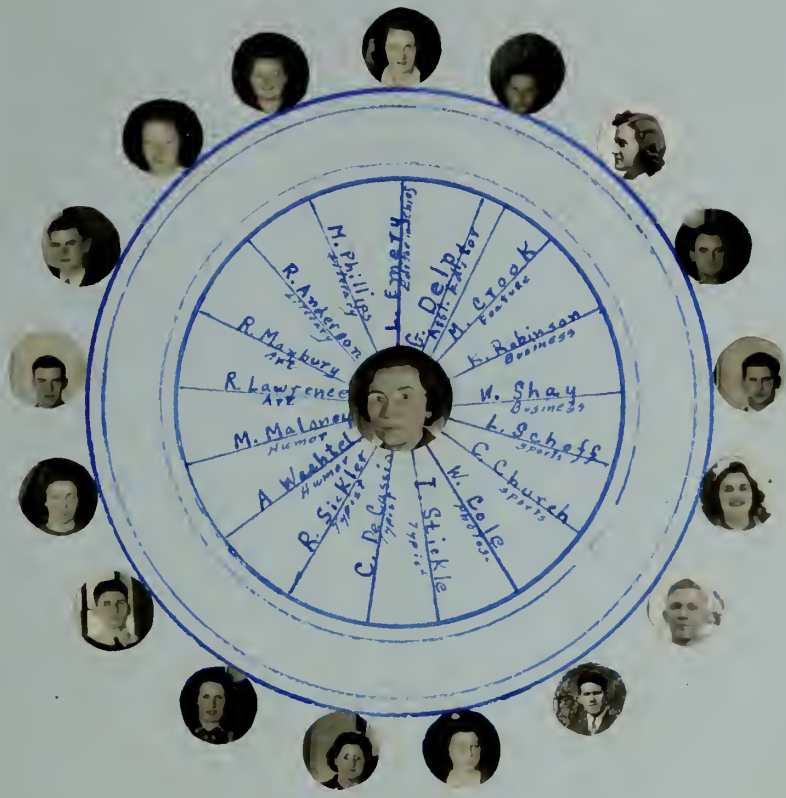
### DEDICATION

Because he has been so wholehearted and friendly in his attitude toward us; because he, even though a newcomer with us, has guided and stimulated our thinking, and given unselfishly of his time to aid us, we, the Freshman Class of 1941, dedicate this book to our friend and teacher, Professor Mervel P. Lunn.









The Staff

Estimote Performance of Day



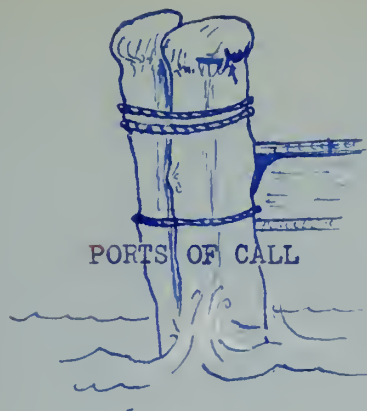




FORWARD HO!

As we, the Freshmen of 1941, look back on our first year at E. N. C., it seems to us that we have been taking a voyage, that we, as shipmates, have been entering strange ports and doing very different things. And, as every voyage made is recorded for permanent keeping, so have we recorded the experiences of our voyage here at E. N. C. Perhaps to the outside reader, very little of this account will be new or exciting; but to us, the voyage has been intensely interesting and novel. Because of this, we have enjoyed writing our log, and we present it to you as the best memoir of our journey. It is a record of our achievements, our joys and sorrows, our hopes and our aspirations.





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## EDITORIAL

The first quarter lap of our voyage is nearly done. Thus far, the trip has equaled and surpassed all our green, youthful expectations and fond hopes. Other freshmen classes, each one in its own vessel, have preceded us in this same course. They have steamed over similar waters and battled similar storms. But to us, these are fresh waters and strange, exciting ports. We are sailing with all the zest and spirit of shipmates who love life, who love its present joys and its future possibilities.

Our ship, like all others, has not sailed on smooth waters alone. As we review our log, we see some days turbulent with the billowy waves of restlessness and difficulty; some heavy with the fog of discouragement; some sparkling with the whitecaps of pleasure and fun that spill joyfully over one another.

Each port at which we have docked has its place in our log. We stopped off for a freshman Hallowe'en party and a formal party. We took in all the banquets and parties and outings scheduled for our enjoyment. We stopped at two main refueling stations in January and June, and took two important leaves at Christmas and spring vacation. Each one of these gave added spice and variety to our voyage. Even those calm days of study and work were not monotonous.

Throughout the trip, our Supreme Pilot has kept a faithful watch at the helm. Above the roar of storms, we heard His still,



small voice, "Peace, be still." By His grace alone our journey has been successful. Nor would we forget to thank each of our sub-pilots, who have so constantly sounded foghorns and kept light-houses glowing for us.

But our voyage does not end here. The leave that we are soon to take is only a preparation for the second lap. We are as eagerly anticipating the rest of our journey as we did the beginning.

Thus we sail--ever forward, ready for calm or troubled waters, with our prow pointing toward that vast, broad horizon where the golden sun of the future streams forth its rays of hope, faith, and glory.

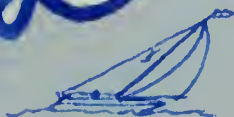
So, heave ho, Ship of 1944!







Drydock



GreenBook, Inc.







## CANDID QUOTES

Martha Crook - Woman's grief is like a summer storm,  
Short as it is violent.

Donald Freese - My only books were women's <sup>L</sup>books,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

De Witt Dickson - An unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

Robert Hammar - For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,  
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter.

John Andrews - They sin who tell us love can die.

Lowell Crutcher - Let every eye negotiate for itself  
And trust no agent.

Ruth Anderson - And tho' I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.

Alice Caldwell - O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outside!

Ted Savage - Years have not seen--time shall not see  
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

Ruth Sickler - Man has his will, but woman has her way!



Dick Hawk - A god could hardly love and be wise.

Lois Emery - True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

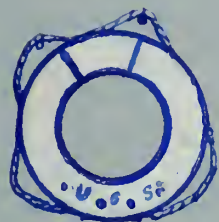
Edith Zimmerman - Little Latin and less Greek.

Charlotte Snowden - I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

Bill Cole - But still a pun I do detest,

'Tis such a paltry, humbug jest;

They who've least wit can make them best.



#### DOUBLE MATES

Vernon Mullen

Moon Mullens

Kenneth Pearsall

Superman

Delp & Kauffman

Jiggs and Maggie

Kenneth Sullivan

John Bull

Lloyd Williams

Rip Van Winkle

Donald Thomas

Lamont Cranston

Helen Brickley

Lady of the Lake

Robert Maybury

Robin Hood

Norman Hilliker

Richard the Lionhearted

Gertrude Newbert

Cinderella

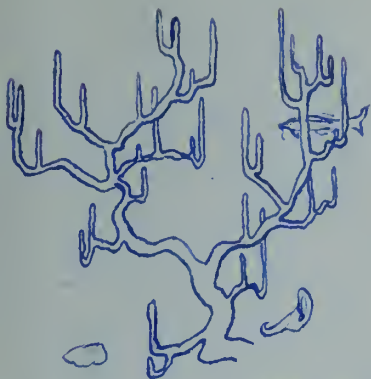
Marion Phillips

Queen Elizabeth

Kenneth Robinson

Ripley





## OUR BOUQUET

Evelyn Heinlein

Margery Twining

Robert Brenner

Gordon Malony

Maynard Parker

Margaret Malony

Austin Wright

Bill Shay

Evelyn Brown

Ruth Hedberg

Marguerite Corrie

Margery Brown

Clifford Church

Louise Shoff

Allen Parlee

Buttercup

Sunflower

Dandelion

Dutchman's-breeches

Poverty Grass

Venus' Pride

Monkey Flower

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Violet

Forget-Me-Not

Will-o'-the-Wisp

Rose

Bachelor's-button

Lily

Sweet William







#### BEST SELLERS

Joseph Parker - "Girth Control"  
William Eickmeyer - "Danger Signals for Teachers"  
Fred Haynes - "How to Speak in Public"  
Alexander Wachtel - "Foundations for Expression"  
Boyd Davis - "Twice Told Tales"  
Dorothy Horne - "The Age of Innocence"  
David Sparks - "Old Curiosity Shop"  
Harry Bansmere - "Sketch Book"  
Robert Lawrence - "Man, the Unknown"

#### READER'S GUIDE

Clifford Weller - "Better English"  
Janice Perry - "American Childhood"  
Edith Zimmerman - "Children's Playmate"  
Helen Cassidy - "Good Housekeeping"  
Myra De Graff - "New Yorker"  
Irma Stickle - "True Romances"  
Irma Koffel - "Wee Wisdom"  
Steve Lind - "Woman's Home Companion"





Pie plates are useless without pies; meat plates are useless without meat; upper plates are useless without lowers.

Someone said he had honey in back of his ears; he meant he had bees in his bonnet.

Last week when Suzie's arches fell, her heart beat a retreat on her ear drums.

The doctor keeps everyone in stitches.

Some people wear chains around their necks, bracelets around their wrists, and rings under their eyes.

The plow of worry makes a furrow on the brow.

Mortals are funny! We have finger nails and thumb tacks.

A musician beats the scale to fame; a tailor presses the suit for fame.

When one gets the sore throat, he should be glad he isn't a giraffe.

At a recent Hamburg fry, we learned that Hamburg wasn't in Germany, but in Greece.



Some are artists, but all they can draw is conclusions; some are farmers, but all they can raise is a racket.

A man gets bald because his mind isn't fertile.

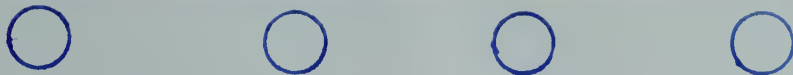
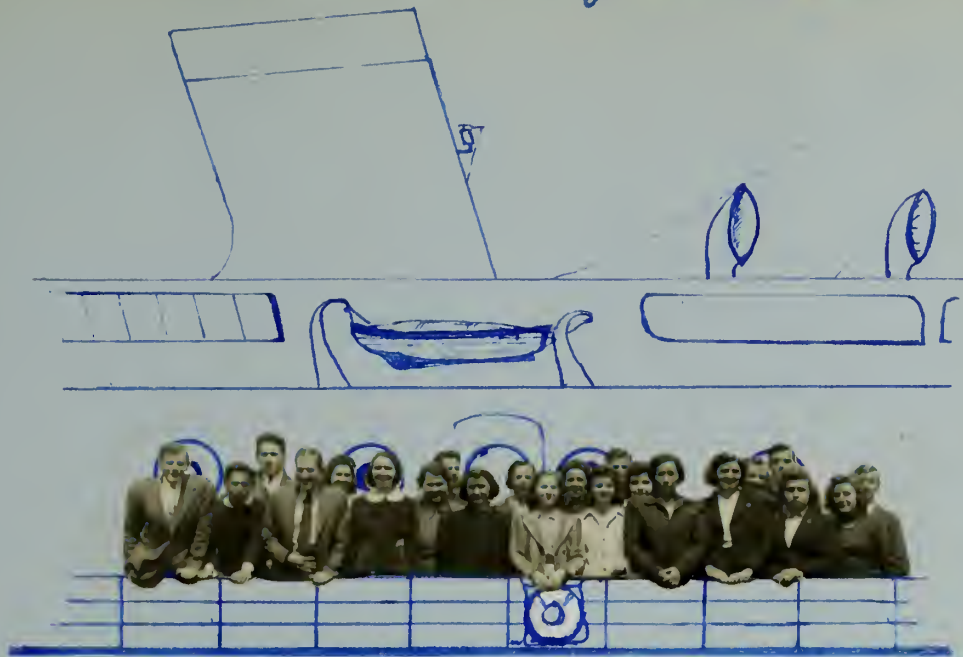
Lily of the valley and Sweet William had a date at Four O'clock, but Bill heard a Painted Daisy sing, "Narcissus." He told her a Dandelion had a Goldenrod in his hand, and Aster to marry him. Poor Lily, with a Bleeding Heart, went back to Poppy.

Did you see that sea-sick bobby pin riding on her permanent wave?

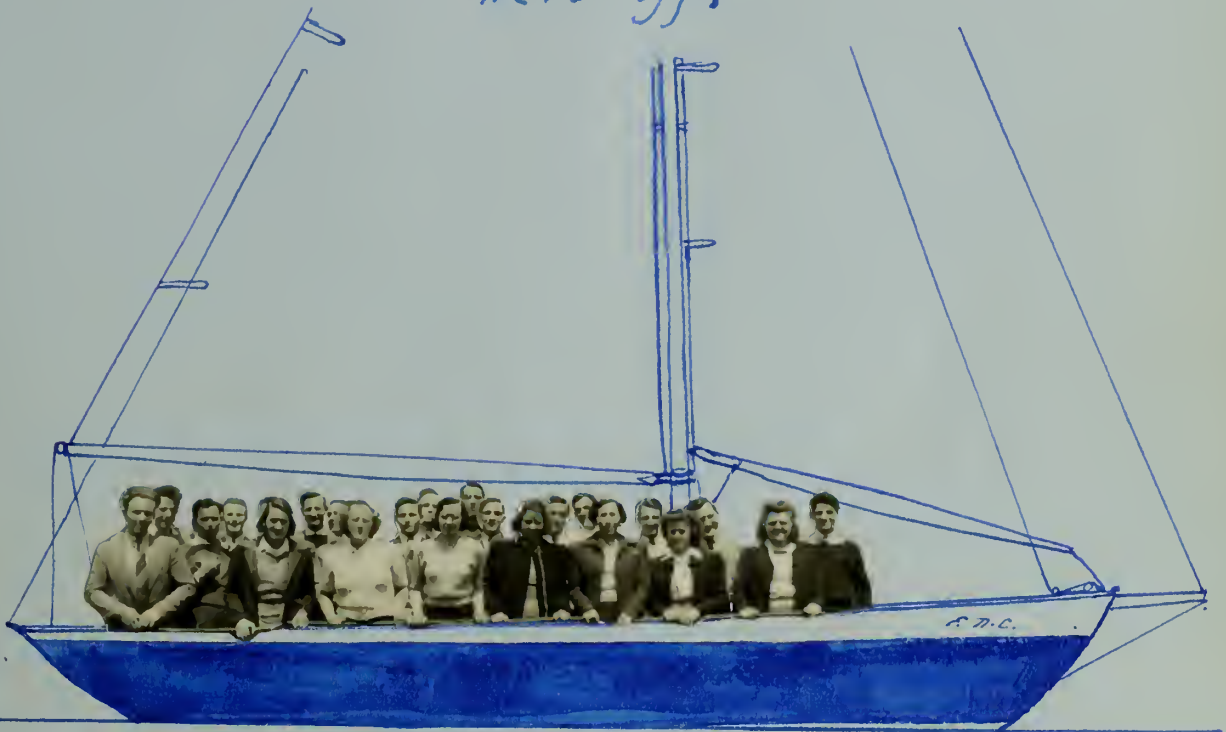




This is how they Look -



Were off!



All hands on deck!







## THIS IS HOW THEY TALK

"Babblers are people who spend a great deal of time in unintelligent, futile talking."

*Ruth Dickler*

"Every Wednesday when themes come due, I prepare myself for a 'brainstorm.'"

*Margaret Maloney*

"The majority of the students at Eastern Nazarene College despise, fear, reject,--yes, even hate--responsibility."

*Wm E. Shay*

"How this universe hangs from nothing and sits on the same is a constant source of wonderment to me."

*Evelyn Brown*

"---that comrade of history, the newspaper."

*Vernon Mullen*

"The bull session is the legislative gathering to decide and discuss policies."

*Robert R. Mayberry*

"Vacations--a time to take four or five deep breaths without breathing in the contagion of a textbook."

*Alice Caldwell*

"Back seat drivers are usually sweet little misses who gasp aloud when another car comes too close."

*Allen M. Parker*

"The fingertip moon peeped through a frosty night; snow covered the ground like great piles of down."

*Ruth Anderson*

"A jitterbug is a nervous wreck put to music."

*Robert Hammer*



"There is no reason for the boisterous laugh. There is only the excuse that the laugher thought of something ridiculous, but thought of it at the wrong time." *Ruth Hedberg*

"The student gets credit for a course if he has attended most of the classes and crammed successfully for the final examination."

*Rector Wicker*

"I slept through another 'wet or dry' prohibition breakfast this morning."

*Marion McCony*

"I would much rather have the noise that is in our dorm than the quietness that isn't there."

*Larry Kane*

"The train had missed us by one foot, standard measure. Every time I think of this incident, I lose five pounds (incidentally, this is a good way to reduce)."

*Maynard Parker*

"My heart was working overtime--instead of holding a tone for one beat, it was divided into eight eighth notes."

*Alex Wachtel*

"The front door gatherings of the Cardboard are momentous assemblies to consider public opinion."

*Robert H. Maybury*

"Car owners were acrobats then; if the driver had a good heart, he could crank fast, dash around the left fender, jump over the tool box, and press the accelerator before the motor slept again."

*William H. Bickmeyer*





## EYE STRAIN

The modern writer appears to care very little about the way he treats his subjects' eyes. It is truly a miracle that some of the characters in stories and poems keep their eyes throughout their many adventures.

One character has trained his eyes to be a pair of mechanical engineers. How else could he succeed in "riveting him to the spot with his eyes"? A beautiful lady was so unconcerned about her precious lenses that she "tore her eyes from his face and cast them far out to the sea"; yet, she still seemed to have her eyes after she had supposedly thrown them away. The schoolmaster who could "pierce through and through" a disobedient pupil with his eyes must have been a very efficient disciplinarian. I think I would have greatly enjoyed watching the two whose eyes "met for a long, breathless moment and swam together." As yet, neither have I seen anyone's eyes wandering carelessly over the country side nor heard a pair of eyes pop. Perhaps many of these examples are rare, yet it is not uncommon to hear that so-and-so "cried her eyes out" over some matter.

Not only do we treat our visual organs in quite a remarkable manner, but we also give them credit for containing many things that I'm sure they could not possibly hold. How expressive must have been the eyes about which was written, "He speaketh not, and



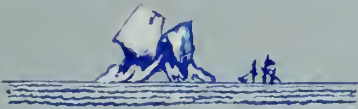


yet there lies a conversation in his eyes." To have fire in my eyes would be nothing short of torture to me. I wonder what mother's eyes would be so great as actually to contain a sea of love or bushels of tears.

I am not disputing the fact that these are very picturesque ways of describing some thoughts, but I am become a little wary when I think of what might happen to our eyes next. As for me, I think I shall try to keep these most useful members in their sockets, and discipline them judiciously.

*How Curious*

#### ARCTIC ART



I looked up from my homework just in time to see Jack Frost's artistry taking form on my window pane. From the prairies of wood at the bottom of the pane, tiny tufts of grass sprang up. As the temperature outside dropped lower and lower, the blades grew higher and higher, and thicker with the minutes. Some patches of grass seemed more nourished with the cold and expanded into ferns that overshadowed all the smaller plants. Soon the entire pane became filled with grasses, ferns and trees of all descriptions. But from the bottom destruction climbed steadily upward. The grass changed to snow as the cold increased, and in a few minutes all that was left of the artistry was a snowy pane of glass.

*Norman & Collins*







## FUZZY WUZZY

"There goes that escaped convict" . . . . "Oh, look! here comes the missing link!" Why all these uncouth, unfounded, and unamusing remarks about the crew-cut on our campus?

It is claimed that these cropped heads are unsightly, that they do not become the cranial structure of the individual. That may be true, but surely they are much better-looking than the shining sleekness of most of the water-soaked heads we see around us. It seems, from a feminine standpoint, that all boys who do not have curly hair "slick" down the straight locks they possess, giving the effect of a group of well-trained seals. This "oily" appearance is repulsive to the female taste, by the way, and less becoming to the average male than the looked-down-upon whiffle. Most of the crops I have seen are a great improvement over the former hair style.

It has become an accepted tradition that women, being the so-called fairer sex, should complement their charms with all sorts of devices, which, in the long run, will tend to make them more feminine. And men have striven, on the other hand, to look more masculine. The whiffle accomplishes this purpose, because it makes the male of the species more rugged and perhaps dashing in appearance--and, after all, ruggedness is one of the essences of masculinity.



There is a practical, as well as romantic, side to my argument. Crew-cuts save those miserable practices, frequent haircuts, and from a sanitary standpoint, they are ideal.

You may say that they are silly and faddish, and that fads are outward expressions of adolescence. I don't know how you feel, but I like fads--they're innovations, and they're fun, and as long as we have them, we won't become stagnant in our ideas.

Anyway, their hair will grow back again in a few months!

*Wm. in Phelps*







## OUR RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE AT E. N. C.

We hear many students on our campus say that we are "churched-to-death" at E. N. C. Is religion really over-emphasized here at school, or are we, as students, to blame for this religious attitude?

Perhaps the student is at fault. Undoubtedly our attitude has a great deal to do with our religious life. Minor things become major draw-backs, if we want them to. "Sunday mornings we need to sleep." This is probably our favorite alibi. "Prayer meeting breaks up a good evening for study." To get around this situation, we do our studying while the service is going on. We fuss and stew because the preacher keeps us fifteen minutes longer than usual. Then we always seem to sit beside some friend whom we haven't seen for a while, and there are ever so many things to tell her; and nobody would mind at all if we told her just when the preacher reaches his high point. In our home churches we would never think of doing such things, and yet, we console ourselves by saying that at E. N. C. life is different.

On the other hand, we must agree that it is different at E. N. C., and maybe the student isn't entirely at fault. Perhaps we do not like to be told that we have to attend church. Possibly we would like to take our religion as a personal matter rather than a compulsory issue. Undoubtedly our spirit would be different if we came to church because we had a desire to do so and were not





being driven there. Then many times church services seem like chapel services because they are held in the same building. The seats soon become uncomfortable, and we get hungry when we have to stay too long.

If we cover up the differences at E. N. C. with more appreciation for the privileges we enjoy, we will never have cause to complain "too much church."

*Rich Anderson*



#### CHANGES FOR THE GIRLS' DORM

There are several changes that should be made in the girls' dorm. Those who live on the fourth floor know the inconvenience and fatigue resulting from climbing so many stairs. Fourth floor roomers therefore should be permitted to ride the rail. In the entire dorm, the walls should be round. Thus, it would be impossible for any person to get another in the corner. Not only should the walls be round, but also soundproof, to prevent night snorers from sounding like a German air raid. And lastly, rooms should be supplied with alarm clocks that won't ring, to save one the inconvenience of turning them off at six-thirty.

*Marjorie May*







## DOUBLE TROUBLE

When writing a five hundred word theme, one must choose a subject big enough and broad enough to justify that lengthy discussion. That is why I choose to write about my feet.

A carpenter worries about square feet and broad feet; a football team, defeat; I worry about big feet.

When I was a small freckle-faced girl, my feet gave me very little concern. If they got in my way, I stumbled over them, and if anyone got in their way, they kicked. I was never really conscious about the size of my feet until recently. A kind, well-meaning friend casually asked me what size shoe I wore. I was embarrassed as I compared my ski-like shoes with her dainty ones. I tried to evade the question, but my feet were big enough to speak for themselves. Not long after this episode, the song, "I Used To Like You But Your Feet's Too Big," became popular. I don't think my friend wrote it, nor do I think it was dedicated to me; nevertheless, I received a copy through the mail.

Immediately, I became conscious of my big feet, and decided to take steps to make them smaller. For two weeks, I tried massaging with vanishing cream, but I decided the name was misleading, for my feet still required a size eight shoe. I tried soaking my feet in hot water, but, being sanforized, they would not shrink. In desperation, I decided to accept the Chinese style, and, rather than



buy shoes to fit my feet, make my feet fit the shoes.

Not long ago, I bought my first pair of sixes. The clerk smiled at me very sweetly and asked what size shoe I wore. "Size five, last A," I told her. To assure herself that I knew my feet, she removed my shoe. My foot spread out like the Mississippi when it overflows its banks. The clerk looked at me in a rather puzzled way, and was about to measure my foot, but I repeated emphatically, "Size five, please." The clerk, judging from the expression on her face, must have thought, "A perfect eight! I dare her to get her feet into a five!" The mind is, however, master of the feet. I managed to push and squirm until my feet were set solidly in the neat little shoes. My cramped toes battled against each other for supremacy, making the situation most uncomfortable. The salesclerk likely congratulated herself after persuading me I needed at least a seven.

Disappointed by the realization that a five was impossible, I thought what a large platform the person who said, "Stand on your own feet," gave me.

Someone has said, "What you don't have in your head, you must have in your feet." When trying to explain why my feet are large, I like to forget that statement.

*My dear & M. L. L.*





## THE IRISES OF SWAN CREEK

Along the banks of Swan Creek, so that their octopus-like feet might be dampened constantly, the wild irises thrive. These beautiful flowers, cultivated by the hand of God, are enthroned among weeds and rushes. Their timid blue petals, three leaning earthward and three reaching to the sky, are as delicate as their hue, and are easily crushed.

Sometimes the stems of the irises are bent and extremely tough, because the wild iris has no protective gardener.

Often, as a child, I admired these wild beauties and picked all of them that were within my reach. As I grew older and learned to row a boat, I paddled along the shores of the winding Swan Creek, gathering irises with tender care.

The task of picking these flowers took tremendous exertion, for I could not walk in the marshy lowlands. Sometimes I stretched so far that I almost turned the boat over.

Since I had to use so much exertion obtaining the wild irises, I appreciated them much more than the stately, cultured irises in mother's garden. Exuberantly I would march home, holding my gorgeous trophies with anxious care.

*Ruth Hedberg*







## SPUD SURGERY

Realizing that it is your earnest desire to become acquainted with all the institutions and points of interest on the campus, I feel that it is my duty to introduce to you the unique and most interesting of the many organizations. It is an institution with a varied society and romantic traditions. It is truly a center of music and learning. From its door flows every potato eaten in the college. Yes, I am speaking of the one and only--the potato room.

The room itself is a very common place. As you enter the only door, on the immediate right are rows of canned goods. To the left are three stationary tubs in which all the vegetables are placed for preparing. Under the window at the far end of the room is a small table where the potato boys eat. You say, "Very common and simple." True, it is the height of simplicity, but even these common, materialistic things bring back pleasant memories to those who have worked here in years gone by.

In my attempt to discuss the room from all points of view, I must let you look into the society. The two gentlemen from England have majored all their lives in social studies and are considered by all as the answer to every troubling problem. One in particular has made a wide study on both continents and is at present specializing on a new approach to the opposite sex. He freely offers his able services to all boys who wish to crack





their shells.

In sharp contrast, there is the amiable bachelor from Massachusetts--a lad who has always led a negative social life, and who greatly enhances the conversation with his fine arguments in defense of his position.

The young fellow from New York has yet to take a definite social stand, but his recent actions are leaning towards England's status. In his chief interests, music and sports, he has always excelled.

The last of the group is from Pennsylvania, and represents the highest type of Pennsylvania conservatism. I have thus far given you a small picture of each individual. I now turn to conversation.

Conversation is the natural outgrowth of five men cast into the same room. Such subjects as politics, girls, studies, religion, and music are thoroughly aired, and frequently a decision is reached. Many times when one of the intelligentsia wanders deeply into a subject, he comes to a standstill because of lack of proper words. This does not discourage him. He simply invents a new word or phrase and thus contributes to the English language. Examples of these contributions are "cracking the shell," "the last trip," "snapping a nip," "shooting a spud," and many others. If you do not recognize these expressions, consult the potato room dictionary.



To omit music from my introduction would give only a partial picture. Of the five, three are quartet boys and the other two are up-and-coming baritones. They major in close harmony and have received many encouraging compliments from those who appreciate good singing. The radio also plays an important part and supplies the boys with six fine sermons every Sunday morning.

I am fully aware of my inability to describe intelligently this institution, but if I have in some small measure aroused your interest, always remember, a cordial invitation awaits you at the potato room. Drop in for a few minutes and enjoy the refreshing atmosphere.

*Wm E. Shay*







## SCRAPE

The big wheels of a cattle truck rolled down through the ruts in the drive from the road to the barn. The barren branches of the apple and pear trees scraped the sides of the truck as it passed beneath them. When that scraping had ceased, the creak of brakes took up the song as the truck stopped. The window glass groaned as it disappeared into the door. Then the face of a fat old man protruded, and in a rasping voice he asked the whereabouts of the hogs. As he spoke, a piercing squeal issued from the pig pen.

The rickety old truck moaned its way through the mud to the pen. The grunts from the fat man as he climbed from the truck and the lazy grunts of the pigs harmonized. The hammer clanged as the big fellow knocked the boards from a part of the pen in order to let the porkers out. Then he laid down a wide, thick board so as to reach from the truck to the hole in the fence, and set up gate alongside the board, so that the hogs could be driven up the incline.

In the same file-like voice he told me to climb into that deep, oozy mud and chase out the victims, for this December day was hog-killing time. I looked at the man as he stood there. He was wide, very wide. His necessarily large, faded overalls were tucked carelessly into the top of his muddy knee boots. The bulging bib of his overalls protruded from the sides of a blood-spattered, denim jacket with a dirty red lining. He wore on his head, half-concealed in a





mop of brown hair, a faded denim cap. His heavy eyebrows shaded a pair of drowsy green eyes that betrayed his laziness. I looked at him for some time and then climbed over the fence into the green mire.

With a long stick I prodded and pushed the hogs. They squealed and took a step only when forced to do so. When one became tired and lay down, another did the same. I beat and prodded persistently until the animals moved on. When those hogs finally stood before the opening, I gave them a severe rap. Both wheeled and plunged through the mire back through the swinging door into the hog house. Then we worked to get the hogs out of the structure made of railroad crossties.

At length the swine returned to the mire, and I beat and pushed until they lay again before the opening. Again they fled when I struck them. Finally, when they were once more at the vital point, the fat fellow secured a rope, made a loop, and slipped it into the mouth of the hog so that the rope caught on the long back teeth. The rope tightened and slipped from the nose of the hog as the man pulled. Several times the rope slipped, but finally it held, and we pulled until the hog's nose was all out of shape.

Cursing, that mountain of a man removed the rope from the animal's mouth and fastened it on a front foot. The rope came off more than once. As a final resort, he pulled on the rope while I, holding the hog by its slimy tail, lifted and pushed the beast into





the truck. The other hog followed pleasantly and willingly.

I heaved a sigh as the grind of the starter re-echoed in a roar from the motor, and the branches of the trees again scraped the truck.



*Clifford Church*

#### TOMMY

Once upon a time--and this is not a fairy tale--we had a rabbit. In fact, it was the only rabbit we ever owned or ever wanted to own. Tommy--his name was Tommy--was not an exceptionally intelligent rabbit, but his looks made up for his lack of ability to do tricks. He never, to the best of my knowledge, was pulled out of a hat. But maybe that was because he was not an all-white rabbit; he had black spots on his fur.

Tommy met a sad fate, however. One night when I was giving him his supper, I was in such a hurry to get back into the house (it was a dark night), that I forgot to fasten his pen, and all we ever saw of Tommy after that was a small patch of black and white fur lying forlornly on the ground.

This story has no moral: it only goes to show that it is useless to own a black-and-white rabbit.

*Evelyn Weinman*





## DUET

Ever since Adam and Eve, there has been a marked tendency for men and women to travel in pairs. The young people at E. N. C. are no exception to this recognized fact. At the beginning of the school year, the new fellows more or less group together and the girls do the same. But not for long. Soon there is an intermingling. Being united in the same pursuit, having the same classes, and belonging to the same club or clubs, most of them gradually, or sometimes not so gradually, separate into couples.

In order to handle this discussion as easily as possible, we'll divide the students into four groups: one, the married couples; two, those who are always together, but as yet unmarried; three, those who go out with a girl, or a boy as the case may be, once in a while, but are in no way tied down; and four, the confirmed bachelors and old maids who are a varying group, since most of them capitulate under pressure. Since the main purpose of this composition is to discuss couples, we will eliminate the third and fourth groups for the time being and discuss the second group--unmarried couples.

The beginning of such an affair between two people is logical, and the signposts are usually unmistakable. They are seen talking to each other rather frequently, sometimes about school work and sometimes not. Because they cannot simply stand around and talk



(for they have work to do), they begin to walk around together. Perhaps they're both going to chapel. "How unusual!" they think, and begin to walk over together. Soon they discover that both go directly to the Administration building after chapel. Again how peculiar! They begin to wait for each other after chapel, perhaps a little diffidently at first, but soon openly. From there, things go on at a rapid pace. Soon one would hardly think of leaving the campus without accidentally meeting the other headed for the same place. If they're in separate classes, they meet in the corridor between periods to have a chat. On Friday nights, naturally they are together--the fellow enjoying a possessive spirit as he buys his friend something after the program, and the girl experiencing a feeling of dependence which, surprisingly enough, she seems to enjoy. On other occasions they seem to exert a magnetic force on each other. One is attracted by the other, and soon, as though by accident, they are together.

The first group, that of the married couples, does not need much elucidation. They live more of a private life than the people mentioned above, who must, of necessity, be exposed in their courting to the merciless eyes of the world. One doesn't find them meeting each other between every period or conversing on the stairs; but they have an inexhaustible devotion to each other, and act to a large extent as one.





The couples at E. N. C. are numerous and varied. Some are good matches, and some are bad. Some are bound to "go on the rocks", some will result in marriage. But one word of warning--the fellows without girls, or vice versa, had better hurry up, because the best stock always goes first.

*John Shields*



#### FROM A DORM WINDOW

It so happened, perhaps providentially, that the moon was full on this warm Friday night in June. It had risen just high enough above the line of the chapel roof to cast a pale glow on the lawn and on the trees and shrubs on the other side of the grass. That pale glow had an indescribable effect on the scenery, including even the couple on the bench by the spruce tree. He had apparently asked for her hand because she gave it to him just then. Soon they walked away.

The moon peeping over the snow on the top of the Manchester shone forth his beams on the same trees, the same spruce tree, but the bench was there no more. The snow sparkled like a billion diamonds, but the beauty of the scene attracted no one this Friday night. The spruce tree lonesomely drooped her snow-covered arms.

"When will they come--oh, when will they come?"

Wait till next June.

*Norman J. Quinn.*







## SWEET SINGER

My radiator is some species of noisy octopus. I call it an octopus because it reaches eight shivering arms in parallel columns. And to further prove its zoological origin, I cite the vocalizing effects with which it never fails to embellish my mornings.

As I have risen quite early at times, I am well acquainted with this radiator's nocturnal bliss and morning hiss. After a bit of enjoyable study in the early hours, with the cold atmosphere as a companion and the colder radiator as--well, nothing good--the latter, about six o'clock, yawns (which isn't the word for it at all), stretches, and finally proclaims itself awake. The circulation of its blood stream begins with no few anti-knock qualities, to be sure. Then it sighs out quantities of air through its teeth, producing melodious sounds to accompany my studying. Again its heartbeat is heard; its turbulent internals lend their noise to the general scene of activity. Some bubbling and whistling, and after a while it calms down to a hum. To my great amazement, it actually raises its temperature a little. Of course, by the time I have to leave the room to go to classes, my octopus will be getting nice and warm, and in my absence it will enjoy complete vault-like silence, and wait, gloating, for me to come into the room again to study. Then it practices vigorously the daily singing lesson.

*Robert H. Maybury.*





## SILENCE

Our daily lives are made up of so many noises, sounds, and general confusion that we are often unaware, and hence unappreciative, of all the silence there is in the world. By a little thought, each one of us could name a great many examples of various kinds of silence all about us.

Since nature has made so many of her actions silent, we must realize immediately the value of quietness in her program. The silent falling of snowflakes as they cover the earth on a peaceful winter night makes one feel encompassed in a divine protection as he treads the deserted streets alone. How much more comforting is this stillness than would have been a dull thud as each flake falls. Despite its glorious power, the sun makes no noise as it shines forth in the heavens, nor do the stars detract from their loveliness by any sound whatsoever. Some of nature's animal children have an instinctive sense of silence. The sly black cat eyeing her tiny gray victim knows that absolute silence means her next meal. In the same way, a snake, by its very nature, slides through the tall grass with a stealthy silence. In relation to us, we might consider this silence treacherous, but to these creatures it is a means of livelihood.

All of us have at one time or another been somewhat embarrassed by awkward silences. When there is a sudden lull in an animated



conversation, the silence seems almost to oppress us. But even in the lull O'Reilly has found a value, for he says, "Be silent and safe--silence never betrays you." Most of us have also experienced those moments of silence in the unanswered ring of a telephone. We expect an answer, and we actually receive one, but it is silence. We often meet people who think aloud, and we have probably been guilty of doing that ourselves, but most of our thoughts are kept in the silence of our minds. They reveal themselves in a silence more musical than any song or more expressive than any word.

No one can challenge the silence of the ages. After history has once been made, it remains mute to the comments of future generations. It gives us lessons to learn and profit by, but it does not argue with us.

Anyone who has ever stepped into the solemn stillness which penetrates a magnificent empty cathedral has known a rapture that could be felt only in the soul. Death is silent as it steals upon a weary spirit in the restful night watches. How precious are these quiet moments, and how much they contain.

If all of life were noise and sound and motion, our souls would be shallow and our lives warped. How full may be the emptiness of silence.

*One day*







## BULB'S FLY EXTINGUISHER

To be a crack salesman, you must believe in your product. The utmost confidence must be placed in the article. If you are not enthusiastic about your wares, you will be a failure.

One bright and early morning I appeared on the streets in Hometown with a little satchel under my arm. My aim in life was to place "Bulb's Fly Extinguisher" in every home. "Bulb's F.E." must be an American by-word within a year. Blotting everything from my mind except "Bulb's F. E.", I inquired from a woman at the front door of a house on Main Street.

"Madam, have you ten seconds to spare this morning?"

"No, Sir!" was her prompt reply.

"Very well, then you shall miss seeing my fly extinguisher," I remarked, as I walked off. "Thousands have missed it, to their everlasting sorrow, thousands have accepted it and have been made happy for life."

"It's some kind of a poison!" she called after me.

"Warranted free from all drugs or chemicals dangerous to the human system, and recommended to people troubled with sleeplessness," I called back as I briskly retracted my steps.

"I've got screens in every window, and yet the flies get in," she continued, as I opened my satchel on the steps.

"Of course they do--of course. A fly is like a human being:





bar him out, and he is seized with a desire to get in at any price; tell him he can't, and he will or break his neck. Fling away your screens and depend entirely upon "Bulb's F. E.", warranted to kill on sight, and can be worked by a child four years old. This is the application."

I took from the satchel an eight-ounce bottle filled with a dark liquid and provided with a small brush, and, holding it up, I continued:

"One twenty-five cent bottle does for twenty doors, and I will give you directions how to make all you want. No poison here-- nothing in this bottle to trot little children up to the cemetery."

"Why, you don't put it in the flies, do you?"

"Not altogether, madam. Any child can use it, as I said before. Just watch me a moment."

I swung the front door open, and with the brush applied the mixture to the back edge, giving it a thin coat from top to bottom.

"Now, then," I said, "flies like sweet. This mixture is sweet. The fly alights on the door, and all you have to do is swing it shut-- poof--no fly."

"Do you suppose--"

"Don't suppose anything about it, except that it will eliminate flies and never miss. All you have to do is to open every door, apply the mixture, and then shut the doors in succession."



"Do you think I want all my doors daubed up with flies and molasses?"

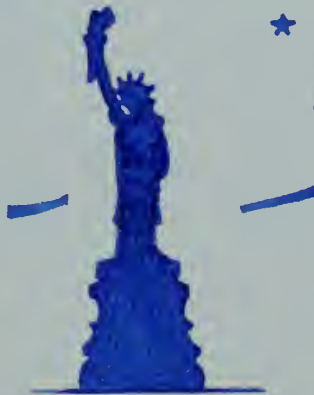
"Just as you prefer, madam," I replied quietly. "Some do and some don't. Some won't have it at any price, and others even set up extra doors in the backyard in order to use lots of it. I'll guarantee this liquid to draw them, if you'll only open and shut the doors."

"I won't buy it--I won't have it!" she shouted, as she jammed the broom against the door.

"Very well, madam, very well! If you prefer a fly on your nose to one on the door, I can raise no objections. Remember, this is your last chance. Never again will you have an opportunity to secure the "Bulb's F. E." All you have to do is to take your sewing on your lap and open and shut the door at regular intervals."

"If my husband was here, he'd-he'd d---"

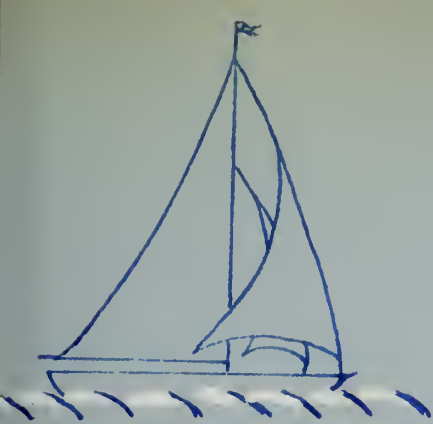
"He'd buy the right for this company and make a million in two months; but as he is not here, I'll bid you good-by and pass on."



★

*Boyd W. Davis*





## SODA JERKER'S LAMENT

Glasses have no brains. You'd think that larger glasses would have stronger defenses, would make good use of their size. Oh, no! For nearly three months in succession, I broke not one small glass and only a few medium-sized ones. But the big glasses!--every time I touched one, crash!

Also, glasses seem to be born with definite suicidal tendencies. Every so often a black dismal mood seems to fall upon them. If I merely tip a glass over, it hits the edge of a knife or some other hard instrument and breaks. If I let a glass fall more than an inch or two, it shatters into a thousand pieces. Indeed, I have seen a glass with no apparent human near drop to the floor and crash.

They are most unsociable and pugnacious. They are very treacherous, too, especially if hidden under a peaceful film of soap. They lurk there until another glass enters the water. Then they attack with fatal results to one or the other. They hold dirt and soap despite hot and cold rinsings. At times, strange to say, they have rubber-like qualities and bounce before breaking. In fact, I could go on indefinitely enumerating the evil qualities of glasses.

*John Shields*





## MONTHLY MARDI GRAS

With its shifting scenes, the annual seasonal carnival at E. N. C. plays a large part in making our campus a beauty spot.



In September, autumn is in full charge of the fall carnival. Multi-colored leaves run riot over every inch of ground as they turn hand-springs with the aid of a brisk breeze. The gold of autumn is displayed in our campus flowers. Grass begins to lose its emerald green and fades to an earthy brown. Evenings are marked by the presence of a genuine harvest moon that gives our campus unusual warmth and color.



All too soon our carnival changes scenes, and E. N. C. welcomes a new major domo. This director is Sir Winter, and his is a different part entirely. Autumn's leaves and flowers have disappeared, and the snappy winds of fall have changed to wintry gales.

Our gay carnival has turned into a tragedy, and our campus is the innocent victim. But, while E. N. C. sleeps, the campus is transformed, and we awaken to a "winter wonderland." Everything is blanketed in



snow, and long icicles put a fringe on every campus roof. No longer does the old Mansion have a dirty gray color, but it seems to hold its great snowy head higher in order to display its billowy white skirt. The trees and shrubs are hung with downy fluffs. Over this scene a shivery moon beams with approval.



Unobtrusively, our new leader slips in. This time a lovely lady has control. We must confess that we are charmed by her presence, but we are not sure of her because she keeps us guessing. One day she showers us with warm affection, while the next day she seems to turn her back and flee. Finally, we are convinced that Mistress Spring is here to stay, and E. N. C. rejoices. Washed by gentle rains, each building looks spotless. Once more the grass is soft green plush. Every available space displays proudly an array of flowers which no other campus but ours can claim. The famed old trees that shade our lawns and paths are again stretching up their leafy arms to catch the sun and rain. A wise moon looks down this time, and winks as he sees that the rustic benches are out again.

*Ruth Anderson*





## BEHOLD, THE DEVIL!

In an obscure New Hampshire town there is a small house set back from the main highway. There lived a little old man and his wife, who, founded by small-town ignorance and old age, were very superstitious.

One night the devil visited this little old man, who was having financial problems which were making him very discouraged. The devil told him that if he wanted to be happy and rich he would have to obey the spirits, and the little old man agreed to do this.

The first order was to kill his wife because she took too much of his time and money. Without a minute's time lost, he slew his wife. The next order was to take an old rubber boot, cut out the toe, and place it over the fireplace, so as to let money drop in the hole. The devil told the man to go to bed, and in the morning he would find the boot filled with money. Sure enough, the next morning when the man got up, the boot was overflowing with dollar bills.

The old miser used this money for a long time, because as fast as he took it out of the toe, more came in the top.

After a while, he became greedy for more, so he put up a bigger boot. But the next day the larger boot was empty. This almost drove the man crazy; for weeks he went without money. One night when he was sitting in his easy chair, the devil appeared to him again.

"Why did you disobey me?" he questioned. The man lowered his head,





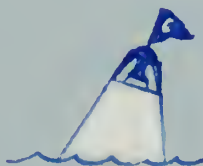
and admitted it was because he was greedy.

Thereupon the devil left the man and never visited him again.  
The little old man had nothing left now, so he committed suicide.

The source of this story is as interesting as the tale itself.  
While I was thumbing my way home about a month ago, a woman gave  
me a ride, and in the course of our conversation, she told me how  
she had picked up an old lady who was thumbing her way to New Hampshire.  
The story which I have just related was told by this passenger, who  
even claimed that she was there when the man killed himself.

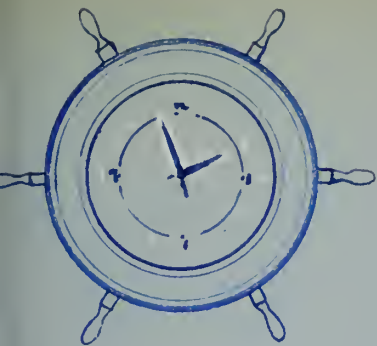
You can take this story for what it is worth, but it is supposed  
to be true.

*Justin Wright*









## TIME OUT

"I don't know where I am or where I am going," remarked another student to me last evening. "I haven't taken time out to sit down and think."

I lay down on my bed last evening and sighed, "Time out." My mind was in a whirl. I had more assignments to do than I could hope to accomplish--Latin, Rhetoric, a six-hundred-page book to read, a fifteen-hundred-word term paper to write on Louis XIV. I wanted to go ahead of schedule on my future assignments. I had to work to pay my bill. Then I needed a pair of shoes, another suit, and a sweater. That blue suit and top coat wanted cleaning. I felt like practicing my violin or going skating to forget. I had four letters to answer. Two assignments for the Campus Camera were due last week, and I had hardly given them thought. I wondered, does your mind go on like that when you lie down to rest?

"Did what I said to Al today represent a true Christian character? What can I do to prevent saying things like that?" I tried to read my Bible, but my thoughts were elsewhere. I kneeled and looked up, but God was not there.

"Time out to catch up on myself."

This noon Dave rushed into the room, yanked off his sweater, and threw on a tie. "There should be more hours in a day."

Afterwards I heard that several Mansion boys had discussed



"time out" in their afternoon session.

"Prof. has too much to do. He needs to take time out," an upperclassman dropped in passing.

Upon considering the problem of "time out" I came to this conclusion: I will sit down for five minutes three times a day. I will plan my studies, my money, my clothes, and I will meditate on God, my character, my future. Bob, when I told him my idea, asked me to remember that if I concentrated on one subject until it is finished, I will have no time for other things.

This brought me to a final conclusion. We all have so much to do that we never complete our tasks, and if we finish, we find another goal toward which to strive. Therefore, I shall take time out to select my goals, to rest, to concentrate, to think, to pray, to study, to play, to make friends, to live.

I hear someone saying, or maybe it is I thinking, "Time out to live."







### WHAT THEY THINK

Seven o'clock already. Where in the world can he be? He knows very well that the program starts in fifteen minutes. There goes another bell. One, two, three long. Thank goodness. It must be mine. No, it isn't either. I heard only three longs, not four. Oh well, he's probably taking his time to make me think he isn't very anxious to take me out. But I'll fix him. When my bell rings, I'll wait a few minutes before I go down. That'll show him a thing or two. I might as well put on my coat now so it'll look all right when I leave. Oh, no. Maybe I'd better not put it on yet. Someone may come prancing in and find me waiting for my date to come. And here I'll sit looking disappointed because he's late. Then the girls will have something more to talk about. I think it'll be best if I just sit here and nonchalantly read a book. I can leave my coat in the closet until he comes. As soon as he rings, I'll slip it on and hurry down. But maybe he won't come after all. Shucks! Every time a fellow really worth going out with asks me for a date, something always comes up so he can't make it. What's that? One, two, three, four long. At last! I knew he'd come all the time. He's swell! I'll grab my coat and dash down. I'd hate to keep him waiting too long in the office.

"So long, Roomie. I'll be back about eleven. Don't forget to keep the light burning for me."

*James Smith*





*What they THINK!*



*What they DO!*







## WHAT THEY DO

Friday night is looked forward to more than any other night during the week. It is the one evening in which textbooks and assignments are replaced by Society programs, basketball games, and walks in the moonlight.

Before the program, it is impossible to study. Any natural inclination in this direction is thwarted by the ceaseless activity of the girls who live peaceably but not peacefully on the fourth floor. Invariably they choose this hour each week to play their silent game of leapfrog.

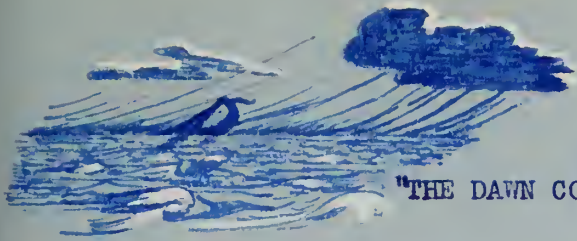
About seven-thirty, each girl returns to her own room and powders her already-powdered nose, and combs her already-combed hair.

After her bell has rung, she finally starts down the hall, and bravely, judiciously ignores the teasing remarks of others.

In the half-hour following the games, there is enough time to take a short walk, have a bite to eat in the Dugout, and then make a mad dash for the girls' dormitory. Should a person time this dash inaccurately, however, she must be in the dorm at ten o'clock the next Friday night . . . . .

*Ruth S. Nichols*





"THE DAWN COMES UP LIKE THUNDER---"

Not a silent messenger, but a sharp, clanging alarm cuts a pathway of sound through the carpeted quiet of early morning. A mattress creaks as the heavy-eyed sleeper turns to shut off the noise that rang down the curtain on that last dream. Only 6:25. Five minutes to snooze a while. Sighing, she rolls back to the warm spot and tries to flag the train of her subconscious thought.

Next door someone bangs a window, jerks down the shade, snaps on a light. Drawers slam shut. Slippers slap down the hall, while the clatter of a toothbrush rattling in a tumbler wakes the two across the way. Water gushes out of the faucets, and by now it seems that Fourth Floor has arisen.

Bathroom technique is an interesting art. Often it is the keynote to a girl's personality. Let us consider this art scientifically, starting first with the general appearance of the room. On fourth, the Library is just as crowded as any other bathroom in the morning, but the congestion is not so noticeable because the room is equipped with chairs for those who are patiently (or otherwise) biding their time. Another convenience is the literature we provide to amuse the "sitters-out." The Other Sheep and Life form the colorful nucleus of our periodical section. Between the two tiny sinks is a red-covered table under a small wavy mirror. Soap, water, wave set, shampoos, Listerine, and dentrifices are





beginning to wear off the dye in the oilcloth, much to our dismay, and we must roll our morning utensils into a little ball and keep them away from the most eroded spots. The game becomes exciting when five little balls are unrolled and three similar green tooth-brushes, two homogeneous rose towels, and four identical washcloths are strewn confusingly over the table.

We turn next to washing in all its forms. Almost all of us wash at the basins, but at 6:50 you may find one girl performing her ablutions at the bathtub faucets in comparative privacy. Tastes and habits in washing vary with the individual. There is the phlegmatic type who stands in one spot, slowly and carefully scrubbing every crevice and cranny. The gypsy or restless one is she who walks aimlessly about the room while massaging gently the soap into her pores. The brisk career girl has a system: slap, dash, rub, and away; while the romantic dreamer must gaze into the mirror and decide on the color of her eyes today as she cleans her visage. There is also the domestic creature who rinses out the sink and the stopper after she has finished. Probably the most interesting type of all is the one who forgets to pull out the plug, and leaves quietly on tiptoe, no doubt digesting the conjugation of an irregular verb.

Passing on to a more ludicrous subject, mouth and tooth cleansing, we discover more eccentricities than are enumerated in an abnormal psychology textbook. There are actually people who gargle with





a dentrifice, clean their teeth with soap, and yet are not absent-minded. To watch these girls wield toothbrushes is an unforgettable experience. Some consider only the toothpaste ad smile, so they pull the brush quickly over the front uppers. But others are more visionary; they polish every tooth on each side. The eyes are usually screwed up tightly during the process, and often there is the rabid appearance of girls who use lathery toothpaste. A wild-eyed look and frowsy hair contribute greatly to the mad-dog effect. Gargling doesn't play such an important part in the hasty preparations of sun-up. The sweet melodic singer is one who juggles the bubbles in lovely cadences with a charming arpeggio at the conclusion, but in general gargles are confined to monotones in the middle register or loud harsh bass notes.

For two minutes, the bathroom is quiet, while, back in their own rooms, early risers are combing tangles from their locks, or dealing with the clothes problem of the day. Suddenly a crash is heard and Hard-on-the-heels pounds down the hall. Remember her? She went back to sleep for five minutes. If she is skillful, she makes it to breakfast. If not, she must join the sleepy-eyed force of the "lates" who are never hungry that early anyway.

"Hey! There's the bell!" Clatter, chatter, pound, thud. Fourth Floor comes down to breakfast, buttoning sweaters, winding, watches, fastening hairbows more securely--or maybe just yawning.

Marion Phillips





Thus

We

Embark.













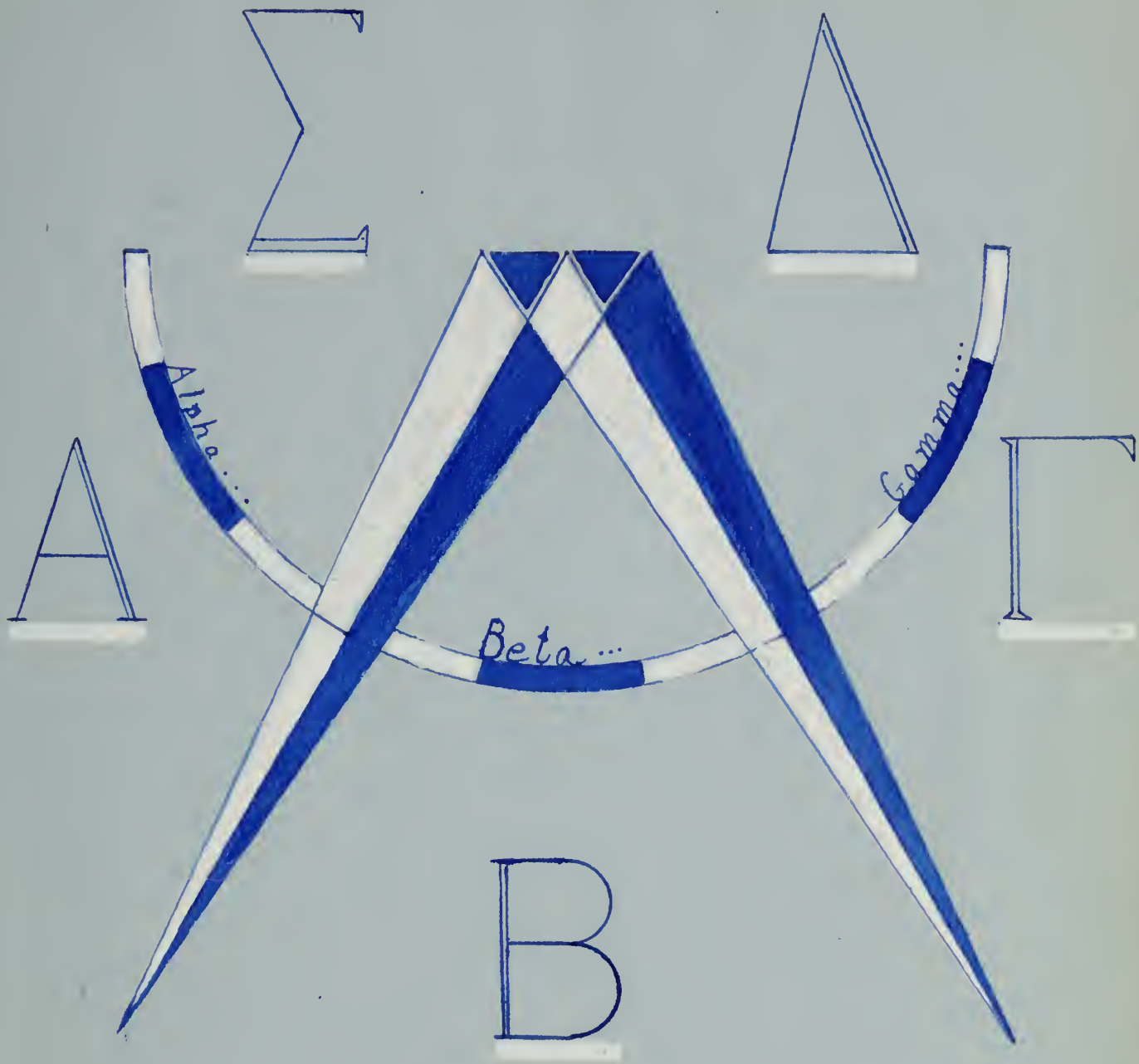


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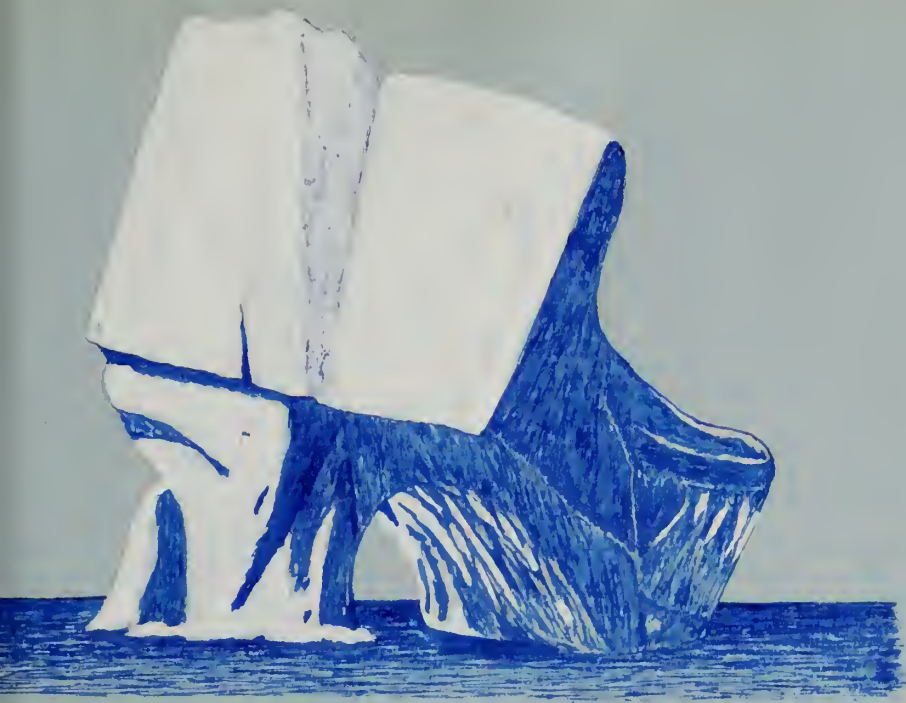
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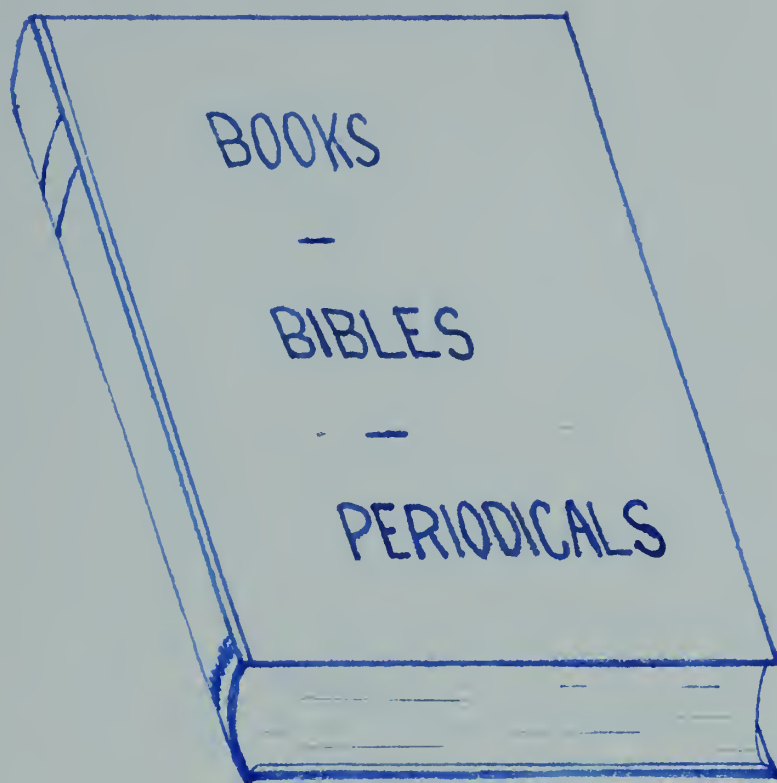
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